

he would take us down to Dr. Locke's church. On the way we learned that he was one of the twenty-four honorary pall bearers for the President, that he was a close friend of McKinley's and that he was a member of the large and exclusive Buffalo Club. And yet he was not above showing strangers to a place of worship. He is one of the "big bugs" whom it is a pleasure to meet. He did not go into the church. As we were waiting in the hall for an usher a little old gentleman came along and asked us if we were strangers and if we would not share his pew with him. Of course, the courtesy was not lost upon us and doubtless we joined in the worship more heartily and derived much more benefit from it than if we had been frozen out by chilly selfishness. What the churches need is just that Christian courtesy and unselfishness in its lay members.

Bishop Fowler occupied a pew until the pastor came down and invited him into the pulpit to pray. His prayer was fine in its remembrance of the sorrowing and the stranger. O it's human sympathy the world wants in the Christians! Our trip thru central New York was made in the night, but from Albany down the scenery is fine. I shall not write about New York this time. Perhaps after I shall have learned more about it I shall try to tell you something about this second city of the world. We are strangers here in a strange land, but we are not alone.

#### A FRESHENED PRAYER MEETING

C. H. WETHERBE

One of the greatest things by which freshness may be put into a commonly dull prayer-meeting is a conversion occurring unexpectedly during the service. I am afraid that the most of those who attend an ordinary prayer meeting, on ordinary occasions, would be much amazed if a sinner present were to earnestly ask for prayers on his behalf. Rev. Dr. Jay Benson Hamilton tells the following thrilling incident: "One stormy night I was conducting a prayer meeting. The attendance was so small, owing to the inclement weather, that we met in a little Sunday school class-room. The meeting was very depressing and was almost funeral in character. Early in the meeting a man entered and took a front seat. He was known as Jack Walker. He was the husband of one of our members. He held a responsible position in the factory and received a generous salary. He spent every dollar in dissipation, and compelled his wife to support the family by her labor. I read the lesson and opened the meeting with prayer, and gave the opportunity to speak to anyone who was so inclined. Walker suddenly fell upon his knees and cried, 'Pray for me.' It was so sudden that we were all startled, but several tried to pray. We arose and sang a hymn, and Walker again knelt down and sobbed, 'Pray for me.' He joined in the prayers with deep emotion, and then, rising to his feet, gave a stirring testimony

to his acceptance with God. He took from his pocket a well-worn copy of the Psalms and read with trembling voice the eighty-sixth Psalm. The verses which seemed to relate his own experience were read and commented upon with thrilling earnestness and melting pathos. The strange incident transformed the dull, depressing service into one of extraordinary fervor and power." That prayer-meeting service was doubtless never forgotten by any of those who were present. And what a grand freshening it did receive! That one service was worth vastly more than all of the cost in maintaining the prayer meetings for ten years. Dr. Hamilton states that Mr. Walker became a very useful minister of the gospel, altho he died in early manhood. Make your prayer meetings a channel of salvation to the unconverted.

#### The Crime of Unbelief

Sermon preached by Louis S. Bauman at Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 15, and at Allentown, Pa., Sept. 19, 1901, on which day the nation mournfully laid to rest the remains of her last martyr president, Wm. McKinley.

Text: "Take heed brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." Heb. 3:12.

Our country has been stirred by the assassination of its chief ruler, and men's minds are aflame with dire threats of vengeance against the assassin. I come not to eulogize the dead man. His record is written and no man can take from or add thereto. I come not to pass judgment upon the assassin. We leave that to God. But let us turn our minds into the channels of soberness, and see if out of the tragical events of the last few days, we as individuals and as a people may not learn some great lessons.

For the assassin Czolgosz, we can say, we pity him. Assassin tho he is, yet made in the image of God, he is my brother. He is the victim of the devil's doctrines. We see in him the power of a seared conscience. We see in him the fact that a man may believe a lie and be damned. Firing that shot, heard round the world, he cried, "I have done my duty." We have no reason as yet, for not believing that he really believed he had done his duty. He was like unto Saul, who, persecuting unto death the disciples of Jesus, said, "Verily, I thought I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." But, my brethren, believing a thing to be right, does not make it right. Let us crush this notion so prevalent even in church circles, that no matter what your doctrine, if you sincerely believe it and do your best to maintain it, tho it may be wrong yet you will be acceptable unto God. If that be true, I doubt not but that Czolgosz will be acceptable unto God, and will enter the gates of gold.

Anarchy knows no law but that of personal conviction. It seems it was the conviction of Czolgosz that Mr. McKinley ought to die in order to advance the cause of human freedom. There was no other motive for

this crime. In order to be true to this conviction he was willing to lay down his own life. But our personal convictions may all be wrong. Hence, they are an unsafe guide for our actions. Somewhere we must find the eternal rock of truth. Upon it we must rest at times in defiance of our own ideas of right or wrong. There is that Truth. A Man was sent from God to teach us how to behave toward divinity and toward our fellows. That Man said, "I am the Truth." "The Truth,"—there is none other. To that we must anchor. Whatever our personal convictions, it is decreed, "That they might all be damned who believe not the truth."

An anarchist believes in no law, no government, and consequently and of necessity, in no God. The very idea of God carries with it the idea of law. Anarchism, therefore, is atheism. The fundamental proposition that government is wrong, begins with the assertion that there is no God. Johann Most, speaking in Chicago declared it to be the first of Anarchy's tasks to "destroy every altar, to extinguish every religion, to tear God down from the heavens." God means law, and law means government, so "Down with God." The assassin like every true Anarchist protests in his atheism, declaring that he has "no use for God."

In September, 1890, the halls and streets of Brooklyn were crowded by an anarchistic throng, gathered by a call containing the following declarations: "We openly and frankly proclaim that God never existed. There is no God, and God never will be. In the name of freedom, we mock the Jewish religion. As true revolutionists we fight against religion, the state, private and public property. These three things must be destroyed. We aim to throw off the yoke of the State, under whose weight we lie, by means of powder and dynamite, which we intend to use against religion, public and private property. We will take the capitalist in the right hand, and religion in the left hand, and so they both shall go to the devil by means of the use of dynamite and powder."

Anarchists themselves "openly and frankly proclaim," that anarchy is simply unbelief in the church, unbelief in the state, unbelief in the marriage altar, unbelief in the rights of property, unbelief in everything in fact. If there is no God there is no moral government that a man is bound to obey, and in the general chaos, it is every man for himself. Atheism and anarchy are one and forever the same. The adder that struck his deadly venom into the body of our president, crawled not out of a nest of misery and want, but crawled forth from the bosom of the Voltaires, the Paines, and the Ingersolls. Teach men that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity, no judgment, and you are planting in them the seeds that will bring forth lawlessness, however much you may profess to believe in law yourself. An anarchist caused the death of President McKinley and unbelief caused Czolgosz to be an anarchist. All the difference between Rob-